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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Prayer of The Flowers.

A SONNET.

As through the meadows fair, I wend my way,
And watch the flowers of colors gay and bright,
Throw off the sleep that comes with drowsy night,
And hold erect their buds in nice array;
They seem in accents soft and sweet to say:—
Thank God who gave to us the sun's bright light,
To warm the earth, and radiant make the sight
Of buds and blossoms growing bright and gay.
Thank God for all His blessings. Great and true
Are they as any boons to mortal sent.
They come and mark our path of life with love,
Far purer than the drops of falling dew.
Thus speak the pretty flowers with pure intent,
And bow their blossoms fair to God above.

WM. J. KELLY.

Novels and Novel Reading.

BY ELIOT RYDER.

With the single exception of the Catholic Faith, we know of no important truth upon which any large number of persons are united in agreeing. From the discussion of the birth-place of Homer down to the "Rev." Jo Cook's theory of "The Oughtness of the Ought," issues are taken on various sides, and points argued with profound and persistent skill. Perhaps there is no question which, periodically, excites wider or more varied discussions than that of novel-reading. In these discussions much narrow-mindedness is revealed. There are too many persons like the old New England Puritan, who, having discovered his boy pleasingly occupied in reading "Robinson Crusoe," without ceremony snatched the volume from his hand, and replaced it with Baxter's "Saints' Rest."

There is no more important study than the study of human nature. "The proper study of mankind is man": and in this important branch of learning, novels are to the student his most important text-book, and picture in prose

the same thoughts, phases, yearnings, and conditions of life that the poet gives us in his verses. What are Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," or Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," but novels in rhyme?

It has been argued that "few novel-readers are able to distinguish good from bad style." This is the height of false logic. If a man cannot pick up a volume of Bulwer, and at once hit upon some of the beautiful passages, with which all of his writings abound, would that same man, think you, be able to trace any beauties in a philosophical work of a profound character? If a man could read such a novel as Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and not profit by a perusal of its exquisite passages, is it not more than likely that he would meander through the essays of Addison very much after the fashion of an automaton, and, on finishing his task, be compelled to admit that he had found neither pleasure nor profit in its performance?

Whether we intend to become men of letters, or not, we all need so great a command of language that the diligent and patient study of a lifetime cannot fully fill the measure of our needs. It is not alone the lawyer, the physician, the society man, who needs a thorough knowledge of language. There is no walk in life in which it will not be found of advantage. How shall we gain this knowledge? In part, by a wise and careful reading of the best fiction. It would be folly to advise a young man to read novels to the exclusion of all else, but it would be equally absurd for him to say: "I will read everything with the exception of fiction."

Why are good novels so prominently placed before the people if they are not edifying? There is no more piously edited journal than *The "Ave Maria,"* yet every week it contains an instalment of a serial novel. *The Catholic World*, and very many other distinctively religious Catholic journals, publish novels. The best of Catholics write them. The list of Catholic novel-writers is a long one, and it takes little thought to recall the names of Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Newman, John Banim, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Miss Tincker, John Boyle O'Reilly, Maurice F. Egan, Mrs. A. H. Dorsey.

Says a modern philosopher: "It is not the literary student, but the bully, the effeminate gentleman, and the lady of leisure and of fashion, who resort to the novel." Let us see: We have heard Carlyle called a pedant, but we have never discovered in his most pedantic moods a more pronounced specimen of pedantry than the above quotation from a Catholic writer. From a purely literary standpoint, Washington Irving was the ablest novelist this country ever produced, and every one of his novels is worthy a reading by all who wish to study an elegant literary style. Let us see what some great men have said of him: Edward

Everett: "We have no hesitation in pronouncing Bracebridge Hall quite equal to anything which the present age of English literature has produced in this department. In saying this we class it in the branch of essay-writing." Chancellor Kent: "— full of exciting incident, and, by reason of Mr. Irving's fine taste and attractive style, they possess the power and the charms of romance." Sir Archibald Allison: "The names of Cooper, Channing and Irving amply demonstrate that the American soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated and fascinating character." Edward Everett advised the young aspirant after literary distinction: "If he wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving."

Quotations from eminent men who have written in praise of Irving might be multiplied indefinitely; but we turn from him to another: George Bancroft says of James Fenimore Cooper that his work is "the work of an unsurpassed writer." Daniel Webster says: "The enduring monuments of Fenimore Cooper are his works," and that "they should find a place in every American's library." William Cullen Bryant said that "the creations of his genius shall survive through centuries to come, and only perish with our language." Edward Everett says that his works "have adorned and elevated our literature."

Here, then, we have two great American novelists—Irving and Cooper—eulogized alike by their countrymen and the learned men of England. Who shall say, after this, that novels—good novels always being understood—may not be read with exceeding profit? What need to speak of Dickens, Scott and Thackeray, and a hundred others, whose contributions to literature are every whit as valuable in their way as those of Bacon, Addison, or Macaulay?

"Novels, as a class, are immoral," says our philosopher. Well, what of it? Surely there is enough of good to choose from. The person who desires immoral reading will provide himself with it, and the religious treatises of a Newman, the philosophical researches of a St. George Mivart, or the histories of a Lingard, will not keep him from it. And why brand all novels as bad by the sweeping assertion that "novels, as a class, are bad"? It would be quite as sensible to speak in the same manner of history, because of the tendencies to mislead which abound in Prescott and Parkman; or of poetry, because of the immorality of Byron and Swinburne.

Why should we "choose for our reading some better class of literature than fictitious works"? Who shall say that one class of (moral) reading is better than another? Because John likes philosophy, and James likes history, does that fact give either a superiority over the other?

The thought has often occurred to us that because it was so unpleasant to receive advice, we delighted in inflicting it on others. We are all prone to bestow upon others our opinions, and perhaps it is well and profitable that it should be so; but we should recollect that opinion is one thing; assertion, another. When we advise, we usually assert. No person has a right to make an assertion unless he can sustain it; and if we study our opinions, we will be very apt to find that the proportion which may be uttered as assertions is a very small one. And the more we study human nature, the more we shall learn of ourselves. One way to do this is by personal observation; another way, by studying delineations of character as pre-

sented in standard novels. One practice will assist the other; and one lesson which the study will teach will be the folly of speaking rashly; another, how difficult it is to maintain an assertion; and, finally, a knowledge of language to help us defend our positions.

Our Country and Other Countries.

BY R. E. FLEMING.

How often is the American prompted to raise his soul in solemn thanksgiving to God when, on looking around him, he momentarily contemplates the disturbances, the confusions, and the deplorable condition of affairs now existing in many countries of the Old World, and contrasts them with the peace, tranquillity and order with which he is surrounded at home? Yes, truly may it be said, the American has every cause to be grateful. There are no civil dissensions, no tyranny, no oppression to mar the quiet of the nation or the contentment of the people. All is peace and happiness. But how different is the situation in other countries! Russia, although victorious in her recent wars, and although rapidly extending her limits in every direction, is in a constant state of feverish excitement and depressing uncertainty, caused by the civil dissensions now holding complete sway over the Empire, and which seem destined to prove more formidable to her power than were the valor and strength of the nations against which her conflicts have been directed. Only a short time ago, the whole world was horrified at receiving the intelligence that her ruler had been assassinated, while driving through a public street of her capital, by members of a factious party which many times before had attempted, unsuccessfully, his murder and the overthrow of the Government. And now, after accomplishing their end, these blood-thirsty murderers seek the life of the present ruler. Look at Ireland. Bowed down under the heavy yoke of tyranny and oppression, without power to defend herself and to assert her rights, she is well nigh exhausted. Her manufactories are closed. Her farming-lands, the property of British landlords, are rented out to the poor peasants at exorbitant rates so great that, if the crops fail, or are not very abundant, the proceeds are not sufficient to pay the excessive rents, and the tenants are compelled to vacate for others, more fortunate, the pleasant little homes which they had learned to love and call their own. Evicted, frequently without a mouthful to satisfy the cravings of pinching hunger; with thread-bare garments, and often without a sufficiency of clothing to cover their emaciated bodies, or to protect them from the inclemencies of the weather, they wander from place to place during the day, seeking but seldom finding employment, where, with to supply the necessities of life; and at night, with no bed other than the green turf whereon to rest, with no roof other than the broad canopy of heaven to cover them, exposed to the dews and the damp air of the night, they sink into a fitful slumber during which appear to them visions of better days now gone by and better days yet to come. Vain delusions! The rising sun arouses them and with heavy hearts, but full of resolution, they commence anew the task of yesterday. And thus it is from day to day, wandering, enduring hardships of all descriptions,

without a compassionate look or word from fellow-man, and with a future before them, the thought of which one cannot endure without trembling. Indeed Ireland's is a sad lot.

But how different the perfect harmony and tranquillity now existing throughout the United States, a nation as yet in its infancy, but which bids fair to rank before many years in population, as it does now in power and opulence, with the greatest nations of the earth. Although the late unnatural contest between the North and South, which armed brother against brother, father against son; crimsoned the soil with the life-blood of thousands of our nation's bravest men, and carried desolation into almost every household in the land, was, for a time, a serious drawback to our progress, still, through the energetic efforts of many of our statesmen and government officials, we are fast recovering from its disastrous effects; and, as the sun, after being shrouded in darkness behind the thunder clouds, looks more brilliant and beautiful on reappearing than before, so we are fast emerging from behind the gloomy clouds of warfare and enmity, wiser than before, by experience of past actions, and with brighter prospects of future eminence before us. We have productive farming lands, numberless mines, containing almost inexhaustible deposits of iron, copper, coal, lead etc, besides the more valuable metals of gold and silver, for manufacturing purposes, and extensive forests from which lumber of the best quality is obtained. The Great Lakes and the many railroads and navigable rivers throughout the country furnish excellent facilities for inland traffic, while the Atlantic on the East and the Pacific on the West afford us ample means for speedy communication with foreign countries. Our commerce, carried on with all the civilized nations on the globe, is extensive and lucrative; and the stars and stripes, wafted to the breeze from the flag-staffs of thousands of our American ships, are reflected upon the blue waters of every sea. Emigrants are rapidly pouring in from all nations and climes, swelling the population, developing the resources of the country and enriching the people. The majority turn their footsteps towards the great and opulent West. Cities and villages spring up in the places but recently occupied by the camps of the fast-vanishing Indian; the mere sound of church bells, calling the hardy settlers to the shrine of God, gladden with its melody the air which not many years ago was rendered hideous by the shrill war whoop of the hostile Indian, a sure forerunner of approaching bloodshed; and the vast prairies of stunted shrubs and grasses, over which he, for so long a time, pursued the wild deer and the buffalo, are fast being converted into extensive fields of waving wheat and corn, bedecked in robes of brightest green, and assuring wealth and plenty to the possessor. Others, more adventurous, instead of devoting themselves to agricultural pursuits, proceed to the mountains in quest of gold and silver. Some are fortunate and soon acquire wealth; but more experience only the reverse, which, very often, may be attributed to their lack of energy and determination. So we, as a nation, if instead of grasping the manifold opportunities within our reach and advancing towards eminence, we allow ourselves to disregard them, and thereby deteriorate from our present position, the fault lies wholly with ourselves. In fine, our condition is one of which we may justly feel proud, and one which should call forth our praise for Him who is the Author of all good, and who

in His kindness has spread peace and contentment over our land.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content:

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:

The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown."

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mlle. Gerster has organized a concert company of five artists to give a few concerts in the eastern cities.

—Edwin Booth, John McCoullough and Henry Irving are to appear in London in the powerful old tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

—Salvini, the Italian tragedian, gave his farewell performance in America at Philadelphia, on the 18th inst., appearing in "Othello."

—Will S. Hays, author of many of the popular songs of the day, is a candidate for the mayoralty of Louisville, Ky. He is one of the editors of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

—Dr. William Chambers, who established *Chamber's Journal* nearly forty years ago, still continues to conduct that magazine with unabated energy. This goes beyond Dr. S. C. Hall's editorship of the *Art Journal*, for 42 years without a break.

—"Far different," writes Froude, "from my brother, from Keble, Dr. Pusey, and the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival, John Henry Newman. For many years he had dropped silent and disappeared from the world's eyes. He came out suddenly in a conflict with an Oxford logician, and appeared to be foiled. The immediate result was the publication of the famous 'Apologia,' a defence personally of Newman's own life and actions and next of the Catholic cause. The writer is again in power, in modern society, a prince of the Church; surrounded if he appears in public by adoring crowds, fine ladies going on their knees before him in London salons. Himself of modest nature, he never sought greatness, but greatness found him in spite of himself. To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in retirement in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out in its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy, and wins illustrious converts, and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolution again before the father of Christendom."

—"Liszt, the composer, has always been remarkable for his social independence. When he was a young man, in the very brilliant period of his early popularity, some thirty or forty years ago, he visited Vienna. The celebrated Princess Metternich, wife of the great diplomatist Metternich, was the chief of society; her salon was the great one of the day. She was a brilliant, captivating woman; clever, full of fine society wisdom; one of the last of the race of grande dames. The bluest of blood ran in her veins, and she was as haughty as Lucifer at times. At one of her receptions, her husband, who had invited Liszt, took the celebrated young artist, about whose musical and private life all the gay people of Europe were talking, up to the Princess, and introduced him. She was in one of her most haughty moods, as it happened. "Your first visit to Vienna," she said, looking full front in the handsome stately young man's face. "I hope you are doing well in your business." "Ah, Madame la Princesse," replied Liszt, "I have no business. That vexation belongs to diplomats and bankers." For one instant the whole social high world of Vienna looked on breathless at this passage of arms between the queen of society and the celebrated artist whose social successes equalled his public ones. The Princess and Liszt gazed steadily at each other; neither flinched; then she yielded graciously; and, taking his arm, walked through the salons with him, and was as charming

to him as if he had been a prince of the imperial blood. From that time forward, Liszt had no better and truer friend than the *enfant gatée* of society, the Princess Metternich.

—"I think," said a well-known orchestral leader, "the best joke ever played in San Francisco was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was there. The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play on one of the instruments. I was leader. I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece. 'He is sure to throw us all out,' said I, 'and ruin the performance.' Gottschalk swore like a Major, but 'twas no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit upon an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him up until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he had left, we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference with seven pianos going at once. And just as I thought," said the leader, hammering on the table with his glass, "that amateur nor his friends never discovered the trick. He just sailed in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his key-board until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time I did he gave the piano a lick that nearly made match-wood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding-arch, and when 'twas all over his fond parent fell on his neck in the green room, and slipped a check for \$250 into his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled, and the way he set up the wine for the crowd was a caution. I never heard an amateur to do so well in public. Don't you think I did right?"

—A Southern woman has given the following cutting criticism (we find it in *The Dial*) of Mr. Cable's "Grandissimes": "Oh, how I do long to see some *knowing* critic handle Mr. Cable for his travesty of Creole life! It is as unreal as poor Chatterton's forgeries, and without his genius; and the jargon he puts into the mouth of his characters is a language that neither man nor woman in Louisiana has ever heard or spoken. There is one scene—the murder of Clemence in the swamp—which is dramatic and full of weird effects, but it is a fancy picture. We have ruffians in Louisiana, but young men of good families and culture do not haul old negro women—family servants, too—into a swamp to hang them for practicing Voodoo rites. Nor are our white women such arrant idiots as to believe in and practice these rites, or to make such consummate fools of themselves at all times that you long to box their ears. Now, Judge Tourgee's 'Fool's Errand' is full of unpalatable truths; and, though we wince a little, we read them, and enjoy the brilliancy and logic of the book. But Mr. Cable's book has no such literary or artistic merit, and as a chronicle of the times he writes of, it is utterly untrustworthy. We can stand a great deal of dignified fault-finding; but when a novel-writer clothes us in motley rags, stands us on our heads in impossible positions, and gives us a vernacular that a Fiji islander would be ashamed to utter, we stand in breathless amazement, and ask who and what he is writing about. We can't protest, for there is not truth enough in the pictures to protest against its distortion. We don't wince at the sarcasm, because it is pointless. Our only feeling is one of amazement that the Northern public can really believe such people as the Grandissimes and Nancanous were indigenous to the soil of Louisiana in those days, or in any days. We have read some criticisms on the South which made us feel like the little old woman in the ballad, whose petticoats the peddler 'cut above the knee.' When the doggies barked at us we have felt like saying, 'This is not I'; yet all the while we were conscious of our own identity. But *this* peddler has put up a stuffed figure that belongs to nothing under heaven or on earth, in spite of the label on its forehead."

Scientific Notes.

—It is very gratifying to learn from a pamphlet recently issued by the Johns Hopkins University that for years we have all been blindly ignorant concerning that useful edible, the hen's egg. The startling and scandalous facts set forth in the pamphlet alluded to are as follows: The egg undergoes total regular segmentation. There is no food yolk, and cleavage goes quite through the egg. There is a true segmentation cavity. Segmentation is rhythmical. There is an invaginate gastrula. The larva leaves the egg as a nauplius, and passes through a protozoa stage and a schizopod stage. The fifth thoracic segments and appendages are entirely wanting at all stages of development. This is certainly a matter to which all thoughtful people should pay attention. The fact that we have been eating eggs destitute of fifth thoracic segments is simply horrifying.

—A private letter from Panama to a Liverpool merchant, published in a London paper, mentions that the De Lesseps engineers are about to try to build across the Chagres River the largest dam ever constructed. "They have already sunk a shaft 100 feet deep at the point where they propose to build the dam, and have not found bed-rock, which they must do before the dam is commenced. This fact is giving them great anxiety. The dimensions of the proposed dam are: Length, 1,800 yards; height, fifty yards; thickness at bottom, 1,050 yards; and thickness at top, 260 yards. By building this dam they will (or they propose to) create a lake capable of holding 1,000,000,000 tons of water, which will have no overflow to the Pacific. Their present estimate is this,—canal to be completed in six years." The letter expresses a doubt if that canal will ever be completed, and for the following reasons: "Whoever builds it must have money. This M. De Lessep has not; he has only promises and diplomacy."

—Speaking of the evidences of glacial action in the Sierras, Mr. John Muir, the California geologist, says that to the non-scientific observer, the most striking and attractive are the polished glacier pavements, because they are so beautiful; and their beauty is of so rare a kind, so unlike any portion of the loose, earthy lowlands, where people make homes and earn their bread. They are simply flat or gently undulating areas of solid granite, which present the unchanged surface upon which the ancient glaciers flowed, and are found in the most perfect condition in the sub-alpine region, at an elevation of from 8,000 to 9,000 feet. Some are miles in extent, only slightly interrupted by spots that have given way to the weather, while the best preserved portions are bright and stainless as the sky, reflecting the sunbeams like glass, and shining as if polished afresh every day, notwithstanding they have been exposed to corroding rains, dew, frost, and snow, for thousands of years.

—It is contended by some of the most eminent astronomers of the present day, that there exists in space large masses of matter in a gaseous state, which are non-luminous, and therefore invisible—this matter being necessarily very rare, because there is no solid nucleus to condense it by attraction, and as long, therefore, as a mass of such matter remains by itself it continues gaseous, non-luminous and invisible. Just here, however, the fact presents itself that two masses of gas, having a chemical affinity for one another, coalesce under the influence of their mutual gravitations. When this occurs, chemical combination will take place with an evolution of light and heat, and thus a nebula will begin to be formed. But chemical action between the gases will only take place in their bounding surfaces, faces, and the apparent shape of a nebula will not necessarily reveal its shape or extent, but only the form and extent of the bounding surfaces where combination is going on. The product of this combination may be such, that it will only exist as gas at high temperatures; when cooled, it may assume the liquid or solid state.

—The imitation of watermarks in paper is now accomplished, according to the *Obsor Graphitscheski Iskustvo*, in the following manner: A plate glass plate, with the edges previously ground, is polished with talc, and the ground edges covered with weak albumen, then

coated with collodion; afterwards a solution of gelatine, lump-sugar, and bichromate is poured on, so as to cover it equally to the thickness of one and a half mills; when dry, it is detached and exposed under a negative in the sun. In the meantime, a polished zinc plate is covered sparingly with a solution of gelatine in ascetic acid containing a grain or two of chrome alum, and, after being well dried, is washed in hot water and allowed to drain. The exposed gelatine is then taken and dipped into alcohol, and, while wet, is squeezed on to the moist surface of the zinc plate; in a quarter of an hour it is ready to develop and harden, the same as for pigment work. On the relief becoming thoroughly dry, it is only necessary to lay a sheet of fine paper over it, and pass it through a rolling press, to obtain a fac-simile of the negative, exact in every respect.

—The cocoanut is in many respects like the human skull, although it closely resembles the skull of a monkey. A sponge may be so held as to remind one of the unfleshed face of the skeleton, and the meat of an English walnut is almost the exact representation of the brain. Plums and black cherries resemble the human eyes; almonds and some other nuts resemble the different varieties of the human nose, and an open oyster and its shell are a perfect image of the human ear. The shape of almost any man's body may be found in the various kinds of mammoth pumpkins. The open hand may be discerned in the form assumed by scrub-willows and growing celery. The German turnip and the egg-plant resemble the human heart. There are other striking resemblances between human organs and certain vegetable forms. The forms of many mechanical contrivances in common use may be traced back to the patterns furnished by nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plough; the butterfly the ordinary hinge; the toadstool the umbrella; the duck the ship; the fungous growth on trees the bracket. Anyone desirous of proving the oneness of the earthly system will find the resemblance in nature an amusing study, to say the least.

Exchanges.

—*The Clionean Argus* editors issue the last number of their paper for the present scholastic year, and a very readable number it is.

—*The Paper World* for June opens with a letter-press sketch and illustration of the late Joseph Carew, the well-known veteran paper-maker of South Hadley Falls, Mass. *The Paper World* is an ably edited trade journal, full of interesting matter, and superbly printed.

—Among many new exchanges lately received is *The Oracle*, a neat and passably edited paper, published at the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut. The essays on "The Influence of Napoleon" and the "Essentiality of Moderate Desires" are fit to appear in any paper. The various departments of *The Oracle* are up to the average of the college papers.

—"Not only in Rome and throughout Italy," says the editor of *The Catholic Review*, "have we subscribers to *The Illustrated Catholic American*, but in lands still more remote, as the East Indies, Burmah, Australia, and Tasmania. Even in Mexico and Brazil the utility of our pictorial is recognized. Nowhere, however, has it received a more highly appreciative notice than this [published in the *Review*, in the original Italian] from the *Aurora*." The *Aurora* says truly that *The Illustrated Catholic American* is one of the best printed papers in America, that it is faithful to its title of Catholic, and truly a journal of instruction and recreation." This, and much more, does the *Aurora* say, and the *Illustrated Catholic American* deserves it well.

—*Rounds' Printer's Cabinet*, a folio quarterly of 36 pages, issued by Sterling P. Rounds from his great press and type depot at 175 Monroe Street, Chicago, is, perhaps, the most superbly printed specimen of "the art preservative of all arts" that can be found anywhere. Mr. Rounds has a cultivated eye for the beautiful, and of late years has

made the *Cabinet* an art-school for young printers by giving in it specimens of fine work from artistic printers throughout the country. We see that a large number of the Western printers and publishers wish to show their regard for Mr. Rounds by urging his appointment as Government Printer; but if we were in his circumstances, we wouldn't for a moment think of accepting such a thankless position. Still, he says "Barkis is willin'."

—*The Argo* is the title of a new college paper published at Williams University, of which Willis Reed ("Ephraim"), late exchange editor of *The Williams Athenæum*, is editor-in-chief. The new paper is ably edited and handsomely printed. From the fact that tinted plate paper is used, we may infer that expense has been a question of no moment to the publishers of the new paper. "Ephraim" has become an Argonaut, but he cruises in familiar waters and will no doubt steer his barque clear of rocks and shoals. We wish him and his fellow-officers success in their new enterprise. Meantime the *Athenæum*, under the management of a new editorial board, continues to be as lively and interesting as ever, the exchange department being edited with unexceptionable ability by the new hand at the quill.

—We are glad to learn that *The American Shorthand Writer* has, during the brief six months of its existence, succeeded so well as a phonographic teacher that the publishers, Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, intend to remove to Boston on the first of September, to establish there a Phonetic Institute and Pitman Headquarters. Furthermore, they inform us that next year the *Shorthand Writer* is to be enlarged to 24 pages, with reporters' department as well as learners'. Messrs. R. & H. were the first to attempt to popularize phonography in this country, the *Shorthand Writer* being the first publication that gave practical lessons in the art, and at such a price as to place them within the reach of all,—the small sum of \$1.50 a year. They are practical men, they make use of the very best as well as the easiest learned system extant—therefore they have merited the success that has attended their efforts. We can vouch for it that the *Shorthand Writer* is a practical teacher.

—In an article, on "The Costs of Education," *The University* gives some excellent advice to young men who are uncertain whether they shall plod along in their studies or enter the arena of the world with a small stock of knowledge and trust to luck for preferment.

"The person who sets out to obtain wealth and living at the hands of the public, by practice upon only half comprehended knowledge, is a charlatan, and morally no better than a public offender, while he is pretty sure to fail financially in such an effort, unless by perseverance in such a course he runs the risk of prosecution and the loss of liberty. . . .

"Time and money and energy are well spent, be they ever so great in amount, if expended in the interests of training one's faculties. The capable person, though not needing much education, is the one best fitted to make a good use of it, and should feel in duty bound to get a degree of learning corresponding to his highest hopes.

"It is not until we have gone out into the world and tried the force of our education in an independent effort to win by it, that we realize its strength or weakness, its largeness or diminutiveness. And the person who takes pride in his learning, and boasts of a knowledge sufficient for large purposes gained in a short time, at small expense and in a confined sphere of study, is preparing himself for great disappointments.

"Age and financial circumstances cannot make a difference with these facts. The student advanced in years should give time as freely as the young, and the person who can barely meet the financial costs of instruction had better struggle on in his poverty than throw away the golden opportunity of closer study for the pittance that a much limited education is almost sure to bring in the world's market. Do not be in a hurry to make a great effort. Basing your hopes for success upon your learning, the chances are, that unless your learning has cost much in time and money and energy you must fail, accept an unsatisfying success, or contract your ambitions to a smaller plan. There are few things that pay like cheerfully yielding to the demands of education. We may have to wait some time for liberal dividends upon the investments, but bankruptcy of the powers upon which we must rely for the returns is not to be feared."

In another article, on "Business," the same paper has the following:

"A business faculty is not one common to most men, for the

greater number of men would be happier, and at the same time possess more of those things that make up wealth, if they should not strive after great possessions; since business, although it demands the expenditure of great energies in return for wealth, and rewards justly, must be governed by natural laws, and fail where energy fails. Otherwise speaking, few men have vitality enough to sustain them in a course of business productive of much wealth. Great business activities leave little room for happiness from other than business relations, so by all the happiness you hope for in other directions, make your schemes for business moderate. . . .

"Business, to yield wealth, must be studied, and the person who dreads study will seldom get rich. Above all, do not hope to be made happy by riches earned by another. The person who cannot get rich by his own efforts will very seldom be able to keep riches bequeathed to him. Again, the person who is capable of gaining wealth is generally one who cares little for its advantages, and is either an unhappy miser or one whose chief joy is in the business that employs him, rather than in its reward. The secrets of wealth-getting lie in our getting a business to which by nature and learning we are adapted, and in pursuing it zealously as a life-work. Who is prepared for the task? Not many of those whose hope for riches is largest, we doubly fear."

—The editor of *The Portfolio* asks if it is "allowable for an editor through the columns of the paper to have an informal chat with his friends?" Of course it is; nothing can be nicer, or more agreeable, if, of course, the "chat" be not of the curtain-lecture order—such as we, and the editor of *The Portfolio* also, are sometimes compelled to give. In the course of the "chat" the following remarks occur:

"One day, a staunch old friend of our paper kindly suggested that it would be improved by omitting such 'college items' as were of interest to none but students. This advice being acted upon, complaints poured in from every direction, 'no one would know that the *Portfolio* was a college paper,' 'it resembles some country organ,' and so forth. But to leave this, we have often wondered if it were our place to procure advertisements, then to collect accounts due on them. If the students have the entire control and responsibility of the literary part of our paper, might not some one else assume the financial responsibility? We might ask in this connection, Is there not a middle course between 'supervision' and 'cool indifference'? If not, we are contented; if so, we would that some benefactor would discover it."

"Though our position has not been without its worries, it has also abounded in pleasure. When our term is concluded, we shall resign the quill with unmixed sorrow, unless it be that a little unselfish joy may be awakened by the prospect of others enjoying the benefits which we lose."

We differ from the editor of *The Portfolio* in this, that instead of resigning the editorial pencil of the Ex. department, at the end of the term, "with unmixed sorrow," our feelings will be those of unmixed joy. Two years continuous service has been more than enough to satisfy us, and we will cheerfully give others an opportunity of trying their skill and their patience. Not that we have any special reason to complain, for we have received many courtesies and compliments from our confreres of the college press, but we need some relaxation from this kind of duty. When we do retire we will carry with us grateful recollections of the many words of kindness or gentle forbearance received from our contemporaries. The exchange editor of *The Portfolio* is among the number, although she trod upon our corns at her last visit. Here is what she said of our paper and ourselves:

"A few words about our old friend, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. If called upon to enumerate its virtues, we would say that in that catalogue punctuality stands prominent. The SCHOLASTIC was the first which we received at the beginning of the year, and every week since then it has come promptly. Then, to us, its local column is always interesting, though we are not among the initiated. That column has been a source of continual wonderment to us. Where do the editors find the items to fill two and three closely-printed pages every week? The only solution which offers itself is, that this is the students' special property, and that they exert themselves in its support. The SCHOLASTIC never fails to give at least one article well worth reading, upon some interesting subject. If, however, it has a fault, and who has not, we think it is in devoting so much time to religious controversy. Far from convincing the opposing party, it simply serves as a constant bone of contention, and if continued, usually ends in feelings anything but amicable."

Here it will be seen that the exchange editor of *The Portfolio* gives the Ex. editor of the SCHOLASTIC no taffy, and no butter on his bread; but the latter individual could

hardly expect it from one taught, as she has no doubt been, to look upon the insulting slurs thrown upon the Catholic Church as only her due, and to think that she deserved all the opprobrium heaped upon her. Our object in writing what we did was simply to make known the truth in her regard; if anyone chooses to take offence at the plain truth being told, the fault does not lie with us, and we feel confident that no one can accuse us of discourtesy in either word or act; while defending the party unjustly maligned, we had consideration for the feelings of those who in their mistaken zeal were the aggressors, and gave them credit for at least good faith in acting as they did. Telling the truth, and telling it in courteous language, can hardly become a cause for unfriendly feeling; if it does, there is something wrong somewhere, and the sooner it is rectified, the better. We are glad to be able to say that the exchange editor of *The Oberlin Review* (the essayists of which paper often forget the courtesy spoken of above, notwithstanding the restraint imposed by a Strong editor) looks upon these things in a more favorable light. We find the following in his last number:

"For a long time we have neglected to congratulate the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC on the management of its Exchange department. Evidently there is a man at the head who studies his objects of criticism before he writes. We may not agree with him often in his theories, nor in his application of them, but we must always commend his earnestness and also that close, analytical form of criticism, so uncommon to the most of exchange editors. We do not believe in devoting so much space to exchange work; but if we did, we would want no better example than the ex. man of the SCHOLASTIC."

The exchange editor of *The Niagara Index* has also something to say, and although not given to half measures as a rule (his usual motto is 'The whole hog or none'), he is at present on the fence. Here is what he utters in that dignified (?) position:

"The proposition, of long standing, relative to the formation of a union of college editors, has again failed. The idea is a good one. If nothing would be accomplished but the bringing together of the exchange men of the different papers that would be sufficient. What a study for the artist they would present! The picture would not lack expression, especially if the maniac of the SCHOLASTIC would be allowed to pose. Imagine, if you can, a very large pentagonally shaped head. One side is full of Theology, the second of History, the third of Science, the fourth of double X cheek, the fifth of garters, small-clothes, diminutive trowsers and such like. Mock modesty is traced on the uneven cranium, and brain-room is to let on every flat. We don't think the object would be allowed admission to the congress. We would go in for having it present just for the fun of the thing; for an unnameable friend assures us that the SCHOLASTIC will in future be known as the *Sarcastic*. 'Tis well."

He evidently mistakes bitter truth for biting sarcasm—it is well that he has even this modicum of sensitive feeling left. In a previous issue he complained that we had obtained our information from *books*: we wonder where he gets his from, or if he possesses anything better than small wit dressed up in smart language, or platitude? If he reads anything, it must be the excerpts in college papers, almanac jokes, and the funny corner of the daily and weekly press. Were he to throw out a little of this rubbish from the attic chambers of his cranium, and lay in a small stock of Theology, History and Science (of cheek he has a great plenty—a little too much) he would be the better for it, and his department, even if a little heavier, would be more solid and less disagreeable. But there is little hope for a man who holds book knowledge in such supreme contempt as the exchange editor of the *Index* professes to hold it. He pretends to be wiser than his generation, and in this he but shows his folly. It is conceded that Cardinal Newman is a very learned man, and at a speech in London, recently, Cardinal Newman said that any thing new would be paradoxical. The would-be sage of the *Index* does not agree with him in this. Well, we leave it between these opposite poles of learning to decide which is which. The exchange man of the *Index* evidently looks at men and things through the medium of a reversed microscope. Seated on an imaginary Parnassus, a world of dwarfs moving before him, his preconceived notions mixed with the description of what he beholds, he draws queer pictures. Every thing, and every body but himself, is faulty and little. The only big thing on the face of the globe is, in his estimation, the exchange editor at Suspension Bridge,

College Gossip.

—The Junior Class at Harvard have twelve recitations per week.

—A fund of fifty thousand dollars has been given for a laboratory at Yale.—*Ex.*

—Eight sophomores of Wesleyan University have been suspended for hazing.—*Ex.*

—Trinity College has been given \$40,000 for the erection of a new dormitory.—*Ex.*

—Tennyson, like Thackeray, left the University of Cambridge without taking his degree.—*Ex.*

—President Hayes has been given the degree of LL. D., by the (Johns) Hopkins University.—*Mercury.*

—Mr. Blair, a wealthy Presbyterian, has lately given to Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, a gift of \$40,000.—*Ex.*

—President Garfield intends to attend the commencement at Williams University and will be the guest of Dr. Hopkins.

—Prof. in Chemistry lecture: "The person in seat number 157 will please take down his feet and not obstruct the light."—*Chronicle.*

—The homœopathic hospital has been so crowded of late that it has been necessary to make up beds on the floor, on two or three occasions.—*Chronicle.*

—The Yale Freshmen are undergoing a course in Latin conversation, conducted by Professor Peck. The Roman pronunciation is used.—*Spectator.*

—President Eliot, of Harvard, Mary L. Booth, of *Harper's Bazar*, and the cook of Parker's restaurant, Boston, receive the same salary, \$4,000.—*Ex.*

—Lorenzo Fermin, of Findlay, has deeded in fee simple to Oberlin College eight hundred acres of land in Missouri, situated near Springfield. The land is valued at \$10 per acre.

—Prof. in Psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space." Musical student, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."—*Ex.*

—Amherst's past record as given by Prof. Smyth, is interesting. She has 2,500 alumni, of whom 100 are missionaries; 900, ministers; 250 college presidents and professors; 600, lawyers.

—A sort of secret society has been unearthed at the University of Illinois. The ostensible object of its existence seems to have been to break with impunity the college rules.—*Queen's College Journal.*

—Lord Lorne has offered a gold and a silver medal for competition by the third and second year students, respectively, of Toronto University. The prizes are for general and not for special proficiency.

—It is reported that the students of the New York University, who are left without a college by the abolition of the academic department of the University, are to be admitted to Columbia without examination.—*Cornell Era.*

—To take an old and hackneyed joke
And dress it up anew;
In words a real live student spoke,
As some Exchanges do.—*Trinity Tablet.*

—Seventeen Yale editors have started out in pursuit of "Smintheus." New York beer-saloons anticipate a lively trade. It is rumored that President P-r-t-r has offered them their degrees outright, if they will not return to New Haven.—*Crimson.*

—The gentlemen whose hair is cut in the latest fashion need only a striped suit and a ball and chain to make the thing complete.—*Amherst Student.*

They want to shave so badly that, having nothing else to shave, they shave the top of their heads.

—The Cornell crew have departed for England with the '79 and '80 Lake George shells. The committee of the Henley Royal Regatta Club are in doubt as to whether the Cornell crew should be allowed to enter the regatta, but the latter hope to fix things all right. We wish them success.

—There was a young feline apology,

With decided distastes for zoölogy;
When they sought to ensnare her
She made herself rarer,
And avoided the list of necrology.—*Record.*

—Hereafter graduates of the law department must pass the same ordeal as students acquiring their profession in law offices. A bill has been passed in the legislature by which they have to stand an examination in open court, as a condition of admission to practice, instead of being admitted upon their diplomas.—*Chronicle.*

—The music of the Greek play is written for twenty-five instruments, and will cost, including printing and the training of the orchestra, about fifteen hundred dollars. The total cost of bringing out the play will be not far from three thousand dollars. It is not impossible that one or two representations will be given in New York.—*Crimson.*

—The January number of the *Phonetic Teacher* contains an article called "Everi man in hiz own tung," written by Prof. Ballantine, which is admirable in every respect but the spelling.—*Review.* We wonder how long it took the editor of the *Review* to learn to spell the word pronounced tung t-o-n-g-u-e, and we wonder also if he can prove that this is the proper way to spell it?

—The herbarium of the late Col. Stephen T. Olney, of Providence, R. I., is now in possession of Brown University. It is said to be the finest collection in America.—*Ex.*

—Before the fire, Notre Dame University possessed the finest herbarium in the U. S., including the life-work of the celebrated Cauvin and his wife. Not a remnant of it was saved.

—I'm called little Calculus,
Docharty's Calculus,
Tho' I could never tell why;
Yet still I'm called Calculus,
Docharty's Calculus,
Sweet little Calc—u—li!—*C. C. N. Y. Free Press.*

—President McCosh, of Princeton University, evidently thinks the members of the Glee Club have an inclination for the Bar. *The Cornell Era* says:

"President McCosh has refused to give the Glee Club permission to sing in Trenton, on the ground that it interferes with their studies, and will subject the members to numerous temptations in the shape of bar-rooms."

—At Victoria, the students wanted a gymnasium, and to show the faculty that they were in earnest, they subscribed nearly \$400, sixty students giving \$5 a piece. It is proposed to put up a building about fifty feet in breadth by ninety feet in length, fitted up with stage, etc., rendering it available for a Convocation Hall. The probable cost is roughly estimated at between \$1,200 and \$1,500.—*Queen's College Journal.*

—Ex-Governor Evans, of Colorado, for whom the town of Evanston, near Chicago, was named, has proposed to donate \$50,000 towards relieving the indebtedness of the Northwestern University at that place. Gov. Evans is worth \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000. He has a son, Evan Evans, aged about 16 years, who is learning the machinist's trade in the Studebaker shops in this city. Few boys, with such a prospect of wealth before them, would think of learning a trade.—*South-Bend Tribune.*

—Said Miss Posigush to Syntax, the college tutor: "So you teach at Harvard! That must be so delightful, I'm sure. But then I should be frightened to death to meet any of the students, with half a dozen foreign languages at their tongues' end. I suppose they never speak English at all." "Very seldom speak it," said Syntax, in a dreamy way. "There! I knew they didn't," continued Miss Posigush. "What language do they speak most, Mr. Syntax, Greek, or Latin, or—?" "Slang," replied the tutor with laconic simplicity.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Formers (Grammar-School) at writing poetry:

Canto I.	Canto II.
"Toy gun,	"Gun bust,
Boy fun."	Boy dust,"
"The boy is bad; For mischief, it is said, He takes the ginger-bread."	

This lively verse was given by one of the boys in the English class, as an example of Metonymy—the sign for the thing signified.—*College Mercury, Racine.*

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, June 11, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—How few there are who pay a proper attention to the education of all the nicer feelings characteristic of a true gentleman! It seems incredible that, of all the men in this wide world, there are but comparatively few who, not only show in their exterior carriage a gentlemanly spirit, but also possess those innate qualities so indispensable to the true gentleman. The reason of this is obvious. The proper education of the mind is neglected in youth, and it is not to be expected that a man will obtain by inspiration what, as a boy, he lost by neglect. When manhood is attained, and the feelings are not properly trained, although it is not too late for their education, nevertheless it seldom happens that a deportment, gentlemanly in every respect, is assumed. Hence we see the necessity, not only of educating the mind, but also of training the feelings. To accomplish this latter, religious instruction must be coupled with a discrimination of secular learning; for unless the feelings are softened by the light of religion, they cannot actuate the man to display at all times and towards all that delicacy of sentiment and attention, so seldom found, and when found, so much admired. No doubt many will say: "But I have seen persons who did not receive a religious training, who were perfect gentlemen." Yes; perfect gentlemen in appearance, perhaps. They knew how to conceal under the garb of hypocrisy their worst feelings; and towards those in whose good graces they wished to stand, they were all that the most careful observer of human nature could desire them to be—kind and thoughtful, delicate and attentive, modest and unassuming. Let us, however, follow them through the daily avocations of life. Towards their employers they are always perfect gentlemen; towards those with whom they come in contact during the day, they are

overbearing or submissive, as the occasion requires; with their associates, all their uneducated feelings predominate and all semblance of the gentleman disappears. Such is the showy and dressy gentleman (?), who thinks so much of himself, and of whom others think so little. Now look at the true Christian gentleman. Wherever you meet him, he is ever the same. He is ignorant of deception; the lowly and the great receive an equal share of his attentive kindness; and with characteristic delicacy, he alleviates, as much as lies in his power, the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. To what must we attribute this difference? Both have the same natural advantages; but one elevates his mind by religious training; the other, by the lack of this training, becomes unworthy of an honest man's esteem.

—Our last issue contained a mere passing notice of the Minims' banquet, with a promise that we would speak of that *récherché* affair, as it truly was, in a more detailed manner in this number. Believing that a man should always be as good as his word, we now propose giving editorial notice to what was, as we said in last week's SCHOLASTIC, the richest and most high-toned affair of the kind ever given, in our recollection, at Notre Dame. As the young gentlemen of the Minim department had been notified that the grand dinner would not be in readiness for them before two o'clock, they resolved to dispense with their customary mid-day meal, and devote the time, usually employed in satisfying the cravings of the inner man at that hour, to a game of baseball, which would, of course, prove very potent in creating an appetite worthy the dinner that would ensue. The game, which was witnessed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop throughout, proved to be a close one. Never before did we see the Minims swing the willow more effectively; in fact, not only was the batting during the game extraordinarily good, but every position on the diamond was held with professional-like ability. Tourtillotte, of Toledo, captained the "Clippers," and C. Metz, of Chicago, the "White Stockings"; Mr. Yrisarri, Senior department, acted as umpire. We shall not attempt to give a detailed description of the game, but will content ourselves with saying that it was characterized by sharp playing at all points, heavy batting, and fine fielding from beginning to end. At the end of the ninth innings, the score stood 13 to 12, in favor of the "Clippers." They had won the game, but not without a hard struggle. We will give the names and positions of the players in both nines: "Clippers"—Frain, c.; Van Mourick, p.; A. Campau, 1st b.; P. Yrisarri, s. s.; H. Metz, 2d b.; Tourtillotte, capt., 3d b.; Dwenger, l. f.; D. O'Connor, c. f.; H. Kitz, r. f. "White Stockings"—D. Taylor, c.; C. Metz, capt., r. f.; Molander, p.; Howard, l. f.; Nester, c. f.; Snee, s. s.; T. McGrath, 2d b.; Moroney, 3d b.; and Droste 1st. b.

This game was the remote preparation for dinner, and, on its conclusion, the immediate one was made by repairing to the lavatory, where the baseballists indulged in a refreshing bath. In a few minutes after, the head-waiter announced all things in readiness, and soon all were seated at tables loaded with a superabundance of the choicest edibles. The refectory was neatly and tastefully decorated. Embedded in a forest of evergreen festoons and immediately over the Bishop's table, was a huge half-moon, bearing the suggestive inscription, "A Happy Feast!" We have not learned under whose supervision the decorations were made; but whoever did the work, did it well, and

proved themselves no novices in the art. Forty-five minutes had flown by ere anyone found time to turn his attention to the dessert, which consisted of strawberries and ice-cream. Although a place had been prepared at the right of the Bishop for Very Rev. Father General, he declined the honor in favor of Col. Otis, U. S. A., and presided at the first of the five Minims' tables; Bro. Edward presiding at the second; Bro. Amandus, the Minims' Prefect, at the third; Prof. Edwards at the fourth; and the writer of these lines at the fifth. The clergy and invited guests sat at the Bishop's table.

It would appear that some of the wide-awake Minims were incredulous concerning the fact of the Bishop's joining their department, so when the time for post prandium remarks was at hand, Rev. D. E. Hudson arose, and said that for the removal of any and all doubts that might still be entertained by any of the Minims, in regard to the sincerity of the Bishop's avowal of his having become a member of their department, he would read for them the certificate of the Bishop's admission to the Minim department, bearing the well-known signature of Rev. T. Maher, and also the Bishop's bill of studies, made out by Rev. Father Walsh, being in his own unmistakable hand-writing. We do not remember the studies contained on the bill, nor do any of the Minims. One of them said that he believed there were no such studies in the curriculum of the University; while another averred that his jaws would not be the better of that list of studies before Commencement time. Father Hudson then asked the Bishop to give the Minims an extra recreation day; with this request, his lordship cheerfully complied, naming Saturday as the day. When the prolonged applause, which this unlooked-for favor called forth, had subsided, Vice-President Walsh took the floor, and said that, according to the rules of the University, no one was entitled to a First Honor until he had spent two years here, and during that time had given entire satisfaction to the Faculty in everything; but in consideration of his lordship's age (he being considerably over nine), and of the manifold and onerous duties of his high office, the University regulations, bearing on this point, would, for the time being, be ignored. He, therefore, in the name of Very Rev. Father General, would now present a First Honor, in the shape of a beautiful gold cross, to Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, D. D., of Fort Wayne, Ind., for being the best Minim at Notre Dame. The applause given this announcement was simply deafening. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, on its subsidence, arose, and in a few words, expressed his gratitude for the gift, and his hearty appreciation of it. As it was already getting late in the afternoon, and as the Bishop would take his departure on the evening train, having obtained from President Corby a leave of absence until Commencement, "a stay of proceedings" was found necessary.

After grace, by the Bishop, the Minims retired to their campus, where they were joined shortly afterwards by Bishop Dwenger and Very Rev. Father General, and each one presented with a handsome memento by the Bishop. Then the Bishop bade them all an affectionate adieu, saying that he would return in time for the Commencement Exercises. As the Bishop was leaving the yard, smoking a fragrant cigar, one of the Minims approached him and said: "Bishop, Minims are not allowed to smoke." The Bishop good-naturedly replied that he had "rec.," and therefore did not consider himself amenable to the regulations of the University.

The remaining portion of the afternoon was spent most enjoyably; and "when the shades of night were falling," the Minims, gathered in groups on their campus, talked of naught save the grand dinner, the kindness of Very Rev. Father General, and the satisfaction and pride they felt in their "big Minim," Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger.

[The June number of *The Earlhamite* contains a well written article entitled "A Screw Loose Somewhere." "H. E. H." has evidently found the loose screw, and tells us just where to find the only screw-driver potent enough to twist the screw into a solid position. We give the article entire, knowing that it will be perused with profit by all our readers]:

College journals are understood to be especial advocates of higher education and a more general diffusion of advanced learning. In this they cultivate an agreeable companionship with all the educational magazines in the country. They take the popular view of this matter of schools and education—a very prudent thing to do in almost any enterprise. It may not, however, be amiss to canvass the objectionable features of even a popular thing, if thereby the practical thought of the reader may be brought to recognize any serious results from the existing order of things.

It is, no doubt, safe to say that no other country was ever as abundantly supplied with schools and colleges as the United States. And it is doubtless furthermore true that in general information the American people excel any other known to history. Such an understanding induces the customary conclusion that our people are the most contented and happy of all. But is this true of them?

In other countries, throughout history, the object of liberal culture has seemed to be intended to prepare men only for what were known as the greater roles of life. Such being usually reserved for men of fortunate birth and other circumstances, there were therefore but few who availed themselves of any considerable knowledge as men of letters. Learning was intended for what were known as professional men, and the remaining portion of the community were left to perform all the other functions of society, and conduct the industries, and business interests of the country. There were therefore comparatively few who were ambitious for place, and who looked forward to a change of circumstances elevating them in the scale of public trust and recognition.

It is not so in the United States. It may be said with a good deal of fairness that our people are more universally and inordinately ambitious for distinction, position, and power than any other ever known. From the least important office in the township organization, up to those great national places whose occupants are thereby made the stars of the period, there are millions who are ambitiously aspiring to position, and whose best energies are expended to that end. These men are usually from the most talented and best educated portion of the community. During President Garfield's administration, there is likely to occur one or two vacancies in the judicial positions of some of the territories. For these positions there are now on file, in the Department of Justice at Washington, about seventy-five applications, nearly all of which are the petitions of ex-members of Congress and judges of courts from the various States. This is but a single illus-

tration of the eagerness with which the one hundred thousand positions under the Government civil service are sought, and is also a fair illustration of the grade and character of men who seek the more responsible places. Occasionally an unlettered man may apply for a place which he could not reasonably be expected to fill; but by far the larger number are the products of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Williams, and other like centres of learning throughout the country, and are strong, competent, and worthy men.

Thus so many of our best educated men seek to be related to the department of Government. The majority of the remainder enter upon what are called the professions, and he may be called a rare exception who is clothed with the dignity of liberal culture and yet applies himself to some productive industry. Every year the various professional schools send adrift many thousands of the ablest and most worthy young men of the country, who enter their professions only to learn that there are already thousands of physicians without patients, lawyers without clients, preachers without pulpits, and teachers without schools. In short, it is said that the tendency seems to be for the whole race of bright and shrewd Americans to "earn their living by their wits," while the quiet plodding German and his other neighbors of foreign extraction are beginning to monopolize the field of agriculture, the various productive industries and more substantial sources of livelihood. Such a conclusion is not without very serious foundation in fact and in reason. If all our ambitious and enterprising Americans were endowed with landed incomes or sufficient revenue from other sources to meet the necessities of life, then we might become a professional and political race, and leave the departments of industry to others. Since, however, such cannot be, it is impossible to live by the *wits* alone. To be known as a scholar and honored as a member of a learned profession is to the average college-boy of to-day a "consummation devoutly to be wished." But *honor* without *bread* is tame and shorn of much of its glory.

In addition to the actual want of life's necessities, consequent upon this overcrowded condition of the professional and literary fields, is the unavoidable temptation to resort to questionable and dishonorable means for obtaining money; thus serving to corrupt public morals, and that, too, of a portion of the community which should show a pattern of the highest moral excellence.

It does not avail to encourage the novitiate with assurance that there is room up higher, or that talented and capable men always find ready opportunities; for he must soon learn that this old-time argument is based upon a false knowledge of the facts as they are to-day—that the higher places are all full, and that the thousands of his fellows who are candidates for success possess the most brilliant and capable minds of this or any other age, and fail of success only because they have no *opportunity* to succeed.

True it was not so formerly, when scholars and professional men were rare; but with the growth of our institutions and colleges in every section of the country, a change has resulted.

That such are some of the misfortunes which attend American scholarship of to-day, no one who is practically familiar with the situation will think of controverting. What, therefore, shall we conclude? Can it be that we have too many schools and scholars and that this matter

of education has been carried so far that it has become a misfortune rather than a blessing to our people? There are many who would answer in the affirmative, but the writer can scarcely persuade himself to believe as much as that. This much must be true, however, that there is a mistake in the system of education somewhere, else this condition of things would not exist. A thing which every one acknowledges is beneficent in its results, if properly applied, must certainly have been badly managed if misfortunes are produced thereby.

Herein lies the great mistake—for the last quarter of a century the bright boys of every neighborhood in the United States have been subjected from childhood to an atmosphere of flattery, inviting them to aspire to the great positions which have been made famous by the heroes of our history. Future greatness and distinction as statesmen and professional men has been the "twaddle" which the schools and colleges have given the boys as the incentive for their work while students. What is the result? A vast army of unemployed and disappointed professional men and politicians, who rue the day when their imaginations were excited with such high notions of a career for themselves.

The greatest blessing to any people is universal and liberal education; but to make it most effective for good results the coming generation should be taught that they are learning for the pure sake of knowledge to be afterwards applied to the productive departments of industry; that while the professions must hold their places in society, still only a very few are needed to fill them; and although it is an honor to be advanced to public distinction, yet it is one of the incidents which come only to an honorable life, and is not to be conferred upon him who devotes a lifetime in pursuit of ambitious schemes.

It is a crime to hold up before the boys of to-day such glowing pictures of a professional and public life when any instructor, who properly understands his relations to his pupils, can so easily impress them with the force of the hazardous difficulties attending such a life. His pupils will ever afterwards honor such a one for his practical thoughtfulness and wisdom.

Thus the graduate farm-boy may be induced to return to the farm, the carpenter's son to the hammer, the black smith's son to the anvil, and the machinist's son to the lathe, making in the aggregate a grand nation of contented, educated, free men, not ambitious for distinction, and yet prepared to assume an important trust when called upon to do it.

Unless our colleges effect such a revolution in the outcome of their students, they are doomed to accomplish but little good, and, it may not be extravagant to say, may even harm the community in some essential particulars, by sending out such large numbers of men, doomed to disappointment and consequent unhappiness. But if they succeed in teaching the boys that it is the highest duty a man owes to his country first to become skilled in some useful industry, they will become monuments of national perpetuity and harbingers of an ideal republic.

—A Dutchman found his way into a local tonsorial room, and being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree times a week, every day but Soonday: den I shaves every day."

Personal.

- A. Couyne (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Chicago, Ill.
- President Corby was in Chicago, Monday and Tuesday.
- J. B. Gray, '76, is in the real estate business, at Carroll, Iowa.
- F. Carter, '79, is in the drug business with his father at Brian, Ohio.
- Sherman Dering (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Anderson, Ind.
- W. Rietz, '79, is doing business with his father at Manistee, Mich.
- Frank Becker, '79, is doing business with his father at Canton, Iowa.
- N. Weney, '80, is clerking in a drug store at Little Rock, Arkansas.
- Frank Boone (Prep.), '80, is attending school at his home, Lima, Ohio.
- Rhenhardt Poney (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Dick Parrett (Commercial), '79, is attending school at Greencastle, Ind.
- Walter Cannon, '80, will spend the summer with his grandfather at Montezuma, Ind.
- Solomon Mosler, '77, is in the dry goods business with his father at Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- Leslie Keene (Commercial), '79, is attending a private boarding school at Greencastle Ind.
- Mr. Crockett, of the *South-Bend Tribune*, and lady, were at the University last Tuesday afternoon.
- Bro. John de Mattha, C. S. C., left for Fort Wayne, last Monday morning to take charge of a parochial school.
- Mr. H. Hough, of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, called to see the Indianapolians last Saturday. Ed, George, Ally, and the two Harries, had "rec."
- Colfax Roberts (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Greencastle Ind. He says that he would like to have been here to ride the donkey at the Philopatrians' play.
- Rev. P. Johannes, C. S. C., of New Orleans, La., writing to the Rev. Editor of *The Ave Maria* says that Rev. Father Shea, well known by many of the students of this University, is enjoying excellent health.
- We had lately the pleasure of meeting M. Geo. C. Morgan, of '53, on the cars when coming from Chicago. This is the first time we had met this gentleman; but as soon as he learned that we were from his *Alma Mater*, Notre Dame, we at once became friends, for Mr. Morgan is a man in whose company it is pleasant to be. He resides near Chesterton, where he owns a prosperous farm, and is always glad to welcome his friends.

Local Items.

- Rain last Monday.
- Grand *soirée* next week.
- "Our Carter" is coming.
- A heavy sounder—thunder.
- The Minims still play mibs.
- Carter Harrison on the 22d.
- The air apparent—a thick fog.
- Good fishing on Lake St. Joe.
- A grand shell race—the oysters.
- The regular stick is a knotty man.
- Total eclipse of the moon to-night.
- Two more issues of the SCHOLASTIC.
- "Toothpick" will be here on the 22d.
- No boat greasing at the coming Regatta.
- "J. Willie's" favorite resort—the graveyard.

- Great truths and great men are always simple.
- The Minims are heavy batters. Eh, "Fidgi"?
- The power of eloquence is not all water power.
- Brother Robert's flower-garden is in full bloom.
- The happiest folks at Notre Dame—the Minims.
- The late abundant rains have assured a rich harvest.
- If there was any talk of rain it has fallen to the ground.
- President Corby was in Chicago, Monday and Tuesday.
- Hop-Scotch is one of the latest pastimes with the Preps.
- When will a new boat-house be built? It is badly needed.
- Overcoats felt quite comfortable last Monday—weather very cool.
- The mother that claims us all as her children—Mother Earth.
- Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Keeffe have our thanks for favors received.
- The Faculty held a meeting, last Thursday, to decide upon First Honors.
- Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament last Monday and Tuesday evenings.
- Next year Washington Hall will be converted into an armory and gymnasium.
- A "drop" that may be taken by all without danger of intoxication—rain-drop.
- Guy is almost well. His friends may expect to see him around in a few days.
- The truly noble and great are they who are the most childlike and unostentatious.
- A linen duster, dyed black, and mounted with a velvet collar, is calculated to deceive.
- Reading makes a full man, but the action is slow compared with eating a good dinner.
- A full account of Very Rev. Father General's banquet is given in the editorial column.
- The "Corporal" says that he will be in attendance at the Commencement Exercises.
- If a man is in the habit of giving his word to people, how can he be expected to keep it?
- The cure (?) given to the organ in Cecilia Hall proves to have been worse than the disease.
- Two loads of onions arrived at the University Monday afternoon. Now bring onion cologne.
- President Corby will please accept the "Staves'" thanks for favors recently granted them.
- Let each student of every department send us a local and personal for next week's SCHOLASTIC.
- There are very few persons in the world who can grow better by taking themselves for a pattern.
- We shall endeavor to make next week's SCHOLASTIC the best and most interesting number of the year.
- The Minims enjoyed the extra recreation, on Saturday afternoon, given them by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger.
- Examinations commence next Friday. Look over the Boards of Examiners in another part of this issue.
- "Fidgi's" pitching was batted all over the field in Sunday afternoon's game. Dunn was as badly punished.
- G. E. Droste returns thanks to Very Rev. Father Granger for a nice little silver statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.
- Instead of answering a fool according to his folly it would be as well to quarantine his mouth and let conversation rest.
- The St. Cecilians' Exhibition, announced for last Tuesday evening, will take place to-night, beginning at 7 o'clock sharp.
- It is rumored that the Examinations of the coming week will be unprecedented in their severity. Forewarned, forearmed, boys.
- If a man does not lift his hat when meeting a lady it

is because he is bald-headed and wears a red silk handkerchief on his crown.

—And still there may be found a few who have the detestable faculty of minding everybody's business, while neglecting their own.

—The boys who are committing Gray's "Elegy" to memory, will not be in a hurry to L. E. G. it to the graveyard at midnight again.

—The heaviest rain of the season was that which fell last Monday night. It was accompanied by sharp lightning and heavy thunder.

—Rev. D. E. Hudson's recent lecture on Longfellow has excited wide interest and comment in New York and Boston.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—We wonder why Bonney, the photographer, does not put in his appearance. Societies, classes, and individual students are just crazy to be "shot."

—To-morrow, Trinity Sunday *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, p. 96. Next Thursday, Feast of Corpus Christi, *Missa Regia*. Vespers, p. 98.

—There is no necessity for borrowing trouble at present. Every student here will have enough of it until Commencement is over. Remember the Examinations.

—"Jim" has, we are informed, reorganized the Sliver Stockings. They claim the championship of the University on the ground that there is no competitive nine.

—Our friend John says that he has his opinion of the social standing of a man who will ask for onions after feasting on strawberries and ice-cream for three-quarters of an hour.

—One of the masons engaged on the addition to the Academy of Music fell while at work on the walls, Saturday last, and broke his leg. Rev. Dr. Neyron set the broken limb.

—The "B's" are all big men in Massachusetts. They have Butler, Banks, Boutwell, Burlingame, Bird, Bullock, Bowles, and Beard, to say nothing of Brown Bread and Baked Beans.

—Some changes have been made recently in the crews of the Hiawatha and Minnehaha. They are now more evenly matched. We may expect a close race on the afternoon of the 21st inst.

—Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, of Notre Dame, says he cannot afford to burn Bertrand again. The rates of insurance there have grown higher than in any other place in the country.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—Next Thursday will be Corpus Christi. The Blessed Sacrament, weather permitting, will be carried in solemn procession around Lake St. Joe. In an other place will be found the order of the procession.

—The new hydrants were tested last Saturday morning. They gave perfect satisfaction. In five minutes after an alarm of fire is given, eight heavy streams can be directed against the main building. We feel secure now.

—The examination of those studying music will be, to us, the most interesting of all. We anticipate hearing excellent playing at this examination, as there are some really bright young musicians in the University.

—We have our opinion of those dignified (?) Seniors who stand at the University corners every afternoon at 3:30, waiting the advent of the Minims' lunch-carrier, upon whom they pounce, and—well, you may guess the rest.

—Rev. J. O'Keeffe; Bros. Paul, Stanislaus, and Daniel attended the Staff's ice-cream festival last Saturday evening. Bros. Ildephonsus and Bruno, the obliging refectarians, have the Staff's thanks for favors shown them on that occasion.

—Bonney's photograph gallery, which stood just east of the "Ave Maria" office, and which has braved many a wintry storm, was razed to the ground last Monday afternoon. It was on fire five times the day the old University was burned.

—A marvellous amount of work has been done during the past week, in laying water-pipes, beautifying College Park, and making other improvements that will enhance the already magnificent appearance of the University and its surroundings.

—A new astronomical field has been recently opened for investigation, says the *South-Bend Tribune*: "Every honest man in the country has his telescope leveled at the Star-Route investigation." Wonder if anybody will see stars?

—The 30th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held June 7th. Masters Farrelly, Costello, D. Taylor, and C. Echlin declaimed. Masters Snee and Courtney sang, and W. Hanavin played an excellent organ solo.

—Our friend John says that the burglar who stole his pantaloons from the tailor-shop, last week, is welcome to them. He says the description of the "Lost Pantaloons" given in Griffith's Elocution, will give one an idea of the appearance of the stolen ones.

—The "blatherskite" exchange editor of the *Niagara Index* still supplies the readers of that paper with his weekly budget of "highfalutin flapdoodle" nonsense. Kalamazoo is the place for that "exchange fiend," as he is termed by nearly all our college exchanges.

—Eclipse of the moon to-night. In this vicinity the eclipse will begin at 20 minutes past 11 o'clock, and reach its totality at about 1 o'clock. Let our astronomers be on the *qui vive*. Hope they may have better success than when taking observations of the recent eclipse of the sun.

—In our next issue we propose giving the cognomens and then the real names of those to whom they were applied. For instance, "The Funny Man," Timothy Bodkins; "Stonewall Jackson" James Jarvis, etc. This will undoubtedly prove an interesting feature of next week's SCHOLASTIC.

—In speaking of the championship games last week, we were mistaken in saying that the Star of the East had refused to play any more of the games, etc. Apply everything we said in praise of the Juanitas to the Star of the East and the item will read aright. The Stars are the champions of Notre Dame University.

—Mr. J. Homan informs us that his name was omitted, through mistake, from the Roll of Honor for the two weeks immediately following the Christmas Holidays. It is rather late to make the correction; but as Joe's name has appeared on that Roll during the whole year, with the exceptions already noted, we do so willingly.

—We learn from the *Watertown Gazette* that the ball-tossers of Madison University have challenged the baseballists of Sacred Heart College. We are awaiting the result of the game with interest, and are just conceited enough to think that we can walk away with the winning nine. This needn't necessarily be taken as a challenge.

—Burglars entered the mending department of the tailor-shop, one night last week, and helped themselves to pants, coats, etc. "New York" claims that he lost a fifty-five-dollar suit of clothes. On inquiry, we find that twenty dollars would cover the whole amount stolen. Where does that fifty-five dollar suit come in? Eh, "New York"?

—The "Gambolier" denies that the "flip-flaps" of his linen duster gave him away on the occasion referred to in last week's SCHOLASTIC. He would have us believe that we must have taken somebody else for him. It's too attenuated, however. To think that we could not recognize that form, its manly bearing, the tread of those feet! Oh, no, "Gam"! the dose is too large.

—A regular old time game of baseball was played Wednesday, June 1st, between the second nine Juanita and Star of the East. The ball, although stamped a regulation dead ball, seemed lively enough after W. Johnson sent a skyscraper within a few yards of the post-office, and Mr. G. Tracy one to the southeast corner of the campus, both making home runs. The pitchers in both nines were punished severely, and judging from the way the fielders were sent chasing leather, the pitchers hadn't the curve. Score, 27 to 30, in favor of the Juanitas. One of the pitchers gave up in despair.

—The *South-Bend Tribune* contains the following weather prediction for June, as given by Vennor, the famous Canadian weather-prophet: "Cool and cloudy generally, with frequent rainfalls, up to the 9th or 10th; an occasional warm day; frost probable about the 7th or 8th; 10th, 11th,

and 12th storm period, with muggy weather, hail and thunder storms; 13th and 14th, fair summer weather, with cool nights; 15th to 18th, cool unsettled weather, and showery; 19th to 20th, warmer, increasing heat up to the 25th; 25th to 28th, storm period, sultry weather; 29th and 30th, cooler. The foregoing forecast will probably hold good for a large portion of the United States."

—The Boston *Pilot* says of the Household Library of Catholic Poets:

"A book of remarkable quality is soon to appear from the press of the Catholic College of Notre Dame, Ind. It is a compilation, by Mr. Eliot Ryder, from the works of Catholic poets, from Chaucer to the present time; and it will, we believe, devote large space to the modern writers. This important volume, containing many of the best and brightest gems to be found in the whole field of English poetry, was begun several years ago, and contains selections from more than one hundred eminent authors, English, Irish, and American. As only two hundred and fifty copies of this edition will be printed, and as each copy will be numbered, in addition to having the full name and address of the subscriber printed and bound in with the book, it presents an opportunity seldom offered for securing such a fine work, the edition of which is restricted to so small a number. Subscribers should send their names to Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind."

—The League nines of the United States have now played just one-fourth of the games to be played. Detroit is coming to the front with rapid strides, having passed both Boston and Providence, thereby occupying the fifth place. The following is the record:

Clubs.	Chicago.	Buffalo.	Worcester.	Cleveland.	Detroit.	Boston.	Providence.	Troy.	Games won.
Chicago.....	..	0	2	3	0	3	2	3	13
Buffalo.....	0	..	2	0	5	1	3	1	12
Worcester.....	1	1	..	0	4	0	0	5	11
Cleveland.....	3	0	3	..	0	2	1	2	11
Detroit.....	0	1	2	0	..	3	2	2	10
Boston.....	0	2	0	4	0	..	3	0	9
Providence.....	1	3	0	2	1	2	..	0	9
Troy.....	3	2	0	1	1	0	0	..	7
Games lost....	8	9	9	10	11	11	11	13	82

—A picked nine of the Preparatory Department, flushed with pride over the defeat which they gave the Minims last week, stalked into the yard of the latter, after Vespers last Sunday afternoon, with the intention of doing it again. They brought over a strong nine—a nine apparently the superiors of the Minims in the national game. Had this picked nine intended to play the first nine Excelsiors or Mutuals, they certainly could not have collected, outside of these two nines, a stronger one than they brought to the Minims' campus last Sunday. The Minims, however, were not badly frightened, and resolved to measure willows with their older and more experienced opponents. The Preps. were outfielded, outbatted, outplayed at all points; and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that they, having the last inning, managed to tie the game in the seventh inning. The lateness of the hour not permitting a continuance of the game, it was declared a "draw game." Score, 17 to 17. A friend of ours says that he'll wager the ice-cream that the Minims can beat any nine of ex-Minims that may be found in the Preparatory department. So say we.

—A game of baseball was played last Saturday afternoon between the Clippers and White Stockings, Minim department, with the following result:

CLIPPERS.	O.	R.	WHITE STOCKINGS.	O.	R.
Frain, c.....	2	2	Taylor, c.....	4	1
A. Campan, p.....	3	1	C. Metz, p.....	5	0
Tourtillotte, s. s.....	4	1	Howard, s. s.....	3	2
Yrisarri, 2d b.....	5	1	Molander, 1st b.....	1	2
Van Mourick, 1st b.....	0	3	Nester 2d b.....	2	1
H. Metz, 3d b.....	2	1	Snee, 3d b.....	3	1
Dwenger, l. f.....	3	1	T. McGrath, l. f.....	3	1
O'Connor, c. f.....	4	0	Moroney, c. f.....	3	1
Kitz, r. f.....	4	1	Droste, r. f.....	3	1
Total.....	27	11	Total.....	27	10

INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
CLIPPERS.....	0	1	2	2	0	3	1	2	0	—11
WHITE STOCKINGS	0	5	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	—10

Captains: Clippers—J. Frain; White Stockings—H. Snee.

Umpire—C. C. Echlin.

Scorer—W. Hanavin.

Time of game—2 h. 55 m.

—The procession on next Thursday, the Festival of Corpus Christi, will undoubtedly—the weather being favorable—be the grandest ever seen at Notre Dame. Extensive preparations are already being made for it. *Apropos* to this, it might not be considered dictatorial on our part, if we would suggest that several of the Seniors be requested to act as marshals on that occasion, to keep back the crowd that usually assemble here on each recurrence of the festival, and who, by not taking the place assigned them, interfere not a little with the order of the procession. The rear is the place assigned to outsiders, and there they should be compelled to remain. While there is no objection to the people of neighboring towns being present, it is very desirable that they should do as requested during the procession. Every year, more or less disorder is occasioned by well-meaning, no doubt, but indiscreet persons, running backward and forward through the ranks, to the great annoyance of the processionists. This, we believe, can be avoided by acting upon our suggestion. The following is the order of the procession for next Thursday:

BANNER.

MINIMS.

JUNIORS.

SENIORS.

APPRENTICES.

BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS.

EACH DIVISION WILL BE PRECEDED BY A BANNER.

N. D. U. C. BAND.

PROCESSIONAL CROSS.

ACOLYTES.

CLERGY.

THURIFERS.

CELEBRANTS WITH BLESSED SACRAMENT AND ATTENDANT

MINISTERS.

VISITORS.

Let each department be in its place on time. Procession starts from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart immediately after Vespers.

Semi-Annual Examination, June 17, 1881.

COMMITTEES OF EXAMINATION, UNDER THE GENERAL SUPERVISION OF VERY REV. PRESIDENT CORBY.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Very Rev. Wm. Corby, presiding; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, Rev. N. J. Stoffel, Secretary; Rev. J. Verdin, Mr. T. McNamara; Prof. Unsworth, Prof. Lyons.

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BOARD OF FINE ARTS—Very Rev. W. Corby, presiding; Bro. Basil, Bro. Leopold, Bro. Albert; Prof. Paul, Prof. Baur.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. I. Brown, C. Brehmer, T. E. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. J. Baker, F. W. Bloom, A. A. Bodine, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, D. Claffey, L. F. Calligari, L. E. Clements, F. T. Dever, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, H. Dulaney, D. English, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, W. P. Fishburn, G. L. Hagan, M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, M. T. Healey, A. Jones, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, T. Kavanagh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. J. McLain, G. Monaghan, J. A. McIntyre, J. J. Malone, W. J. McEnery, J. Nash, G. Nester, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, W. B. Ratterman, F. J. Rettig, J. Solon, H. A. Steis, E. G. Sugg, G. Sugg, W. Schofield, B. F. Smith, A. Thornton, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, W. Wooley, W. T. Walsh, W. R. Young, E. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler, A. Zahm, R. Becerra.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, P. Archer, J. R. Bender, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, W. Barron, M. Block, A. M. Coghlin, J. A. Casey, W. S. Cleary, W. J. Cavanaugh, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, J. W. Devitt, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, A. J. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, J. Friedman, L. F. Florman, F. H. Grever, J. J. Gordon, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, P. G. Hoffman, T. J. Hurley, A. Hintze, J. Homan, J. M. Heffernan, G. J. Haslam, F. Johnson, A. Jackson, P. Joyce, F. Kleine, C. Kollars, G. Kipper, Sam Livingston, A. Mendel, W. P. Mahon, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. McGrath, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty, A. H. Maley, J. McGinn, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, C. F. Perry, F. J. Prenatt, E. M. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, G. J. Rhodius, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, W. E. Smith, C. Schneider, G. Schaefer, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, E. G. Tappan, F. J. Woeber, Guy Woodson, T. Williams, J. W. Whalen.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, C. E. Droste, C. C. Lechlin, J. S. Courtuey, W. T. Berthlet, P. J. Yrisarri, D. O'Connor, A. J. Van Mourick, J. A. Kelly, W. M. Olds, J. A. Frain, H. C. Snee, J. C. Ham, J. H. Dwenger, R. E. Costello, A. G. Molander, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. Metz, H. J. Ackerman, W. Rea, A. B. Bender, M. E. Devitt, J. F. Nester, P. Campan, B. Powell, E. B. Bagard, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, L. J. Young, G. Price, J. L. Rose, J. E. Chaves, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville.

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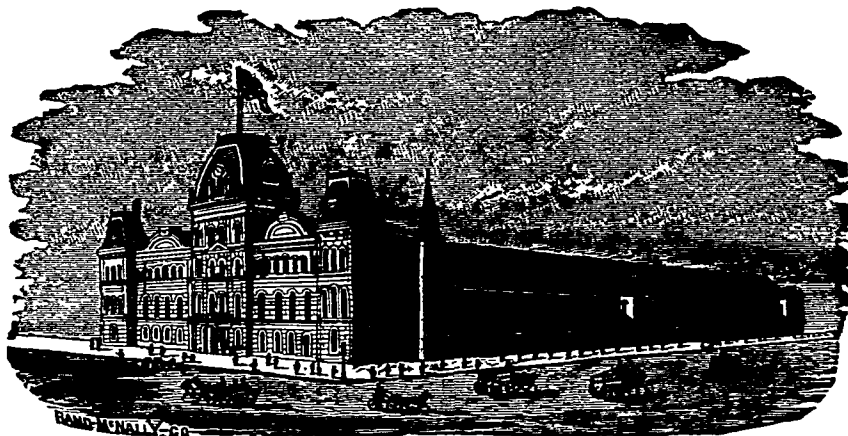
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GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.

12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m. Buffalo, 4 a. m.

6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.

9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.

1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

	2	4	6	8	20
EASTWARD.	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "
Miller's....."	9 10 "	12 05 a.m.
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	12 32 "
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	9 20 "	2 35 "
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.

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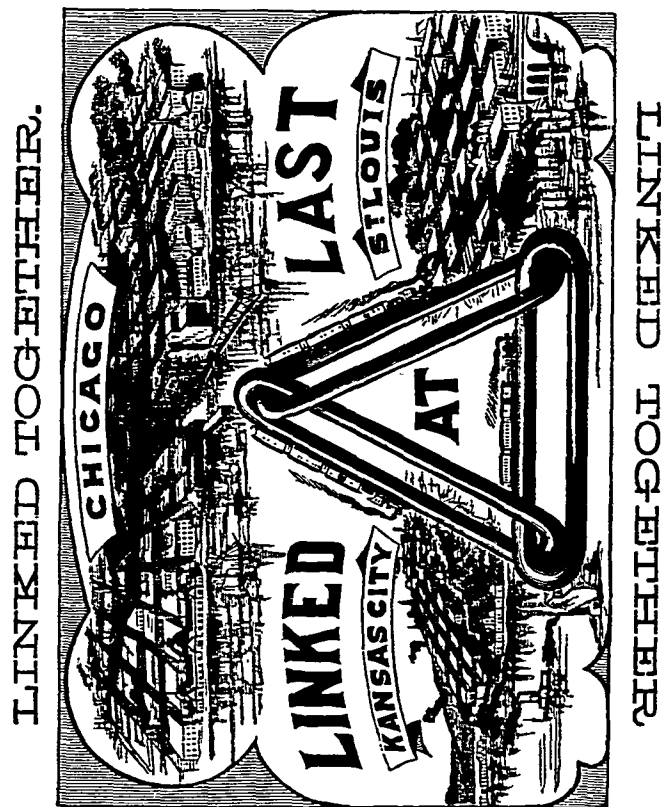
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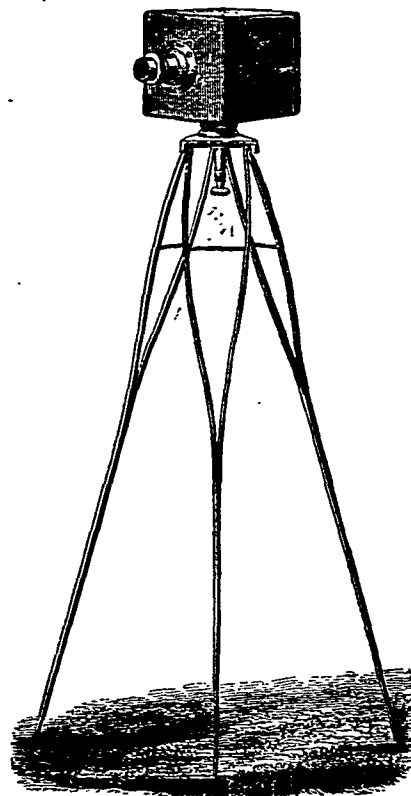
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